THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DRAGE, ROBERT PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1749.

Original Poetry.

SONG OF MORNING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY LOUISE B. VICKROY.

I come, oh earth, unseen!
But when on thee my softer smile was shed,
Bless first before my steps the darkness fled—
What called by God's own voice,
I came to robe of light,
To clothe thy form with loveliness and bloom,
To call the rose from out her bed of snow,
And bid the violet wear the beautiful gem.

Ever, oh earth, I come!
Softly sprinkling in my shining car,
The brightness of my glory streaming far
From distant shore to shore.

And where the icy fetters
Bound broken streams, whose waters roared now,
Forgotten cries, prayers for mercy, low,
And drowned'd shrieks;

Where knew Wisdom's blest,
On sacred cooped mountains seem to grasp the sky!
Where, in the ocean's depths, bright islands lie
I pour my crystal rain

I touch with hand and wave,
And they are mine, for I am the sky!
Encompass, as flood spirits mount on high,
Receiving the glorious gem.

Morning, arouse! rise!
Mankind and movement with loveliness and light—
I come to reign awhile with regal might!
Oh, earth, awake!

Much have such slumber lost
Of my supremacy, and see what reign and fear
Have held my throne! I am the only lover
Of my bride earth!

Queen! I come!
Where I behold my kindly light to flee—
Where I behold the shadow loom on Calvary,
Darkness! I turned from earth.

Come forth to greet me now!
Rush in the flood of my love with no whole recreated.
Come forth to bud, and then I shall not weep!
Come forth to life!

My shall your arms adore
In coming days, and Heaven greet
And welcome inside, and restore paid and armed.
Yet—Time must be no more.

Original Novelet.

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY EMILIE F. CARLEN,

AUTHOR OF "YEAR IN SWEDEN," "THE HOME OF SORROW," ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH, FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELBERT PERCE.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

FINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

An hour afterwards, Hilda, so pale as a lily was yet with an air of pride and dignity, entered her sister's apartment.

"There, look," said she, "now it is decided. The letter is from Richard—I intend to return to him."

She gave an open letter to Bertha, without a trouble of her head or voice by which her sister could discover that she was moved with a painful emotion.

"I will leave it with you," she continued, while I write my answer, which I will send by the next mail."

"What will you say?"

"I know not, neither do I wish to know. Richard will dictate, and I will submit to my sister; and she will dictate the answer also."

"Ah, dear Bertha."

Hilda tenderly embraced her sister.

They formed a beautiful picture. Bertha's countenance filled with tears at the pressed her dear child, so tender and warm, to Hilda's face, which was as pale and cold as snow.

"Hilda, my beloved child," said Hilda softly, "trust me, trust me well, I will endure my affliction without a murmur."

Hilda slowly departed.

In connection with the foregoing letter, and Hilda's determination, we submit Hilda's reply:

"RICHARD:

"I have never told you a false hood, and therefore you will not do me the injustice to doubt that which I am about to say to you with increasing anger. Well, there are exceptions which are agreeable though—and these are rather intolerable sentiments only until they are betrothed."

She seated herself upon the sofa, and opened the letter:

"HONORED HILDA:"

"This must have been written in a moment of bad humor, or you may determine upon not be betrothed as if she was his old aunt, most no cruel.

She resumed the letter:

"I cannot find, to-day, although I have searched in every corner of my heart, any which to describe our mutual positions.

"It is a strong man who can humiliate himself before the woman he loves, and surrendered the right to treat his confession with contempt and with merited severity, or with anguish for her decision.

"I have done what I could to atone for my offence against you. You find it easy to sacrifice your indifferent promise. And if my pain during the hours of my life has purchased your present irresponsibility, it has been useful. If, however, I had openly expressed my grief at your conduct, I might have received a cold reward.

"You need not feel uneasy concerning my future life. I am grateful to you for having so long withheld your confession. When you received mine probably, it is time to think of more than when it suddenly bursts upon us, before we are fully under the influence of my self-delusion.

"I can say to you—and I wish you to believe me—that I have been a dash of joy blinds unhappy. I farther declare, that when I found myself forward to the terrible future which would have awaited us, if we had determined to share a mutual burden through life, I would have found no other reward in our present position.

"And above all, I thank God for endowing me with a submissive and patient disposition, a powerful character, and with consoling faculties which will strengthen and sustain my heart when in trouble or affliction. I am not helpless, and shall not give up to despair.

"But you, Richard, what will become of you? Will your passion restore your happiness again? I shall ever pray for you and your happiness.

HILDA.

"P. S. An answer is unnecessary."

CHAPTER XIX.

A CONFESSION—ANXIETY—A PRIZE INTO A PRIZE—UN MORGANATIC SONG.

After this long neglect of the other persons belonging to our little drama, we now return to our true heroine.

We find her in the same room, and in the same position which she occupied when we first visited her. Her countenance displays the same mournfulness and sorrow, and her hand contains the same gold locket. She opens it, and presses the lock of hair which it contains to her lips with the same devotion she formerly evinced.

And it also happens that this time Mademoiselle Sophia appears at the door and again interrupts her meditations.

The only difference is, that on this occasion Sophia exists a highly inquisitive glance at the relic.

Sophia, in a sharp-sighted personage, and as she had long known that the late Mr. Bernhardt's hair was iron gray, she was astonished when she observed that the hair in the locket was light—yes, almost yellow as the locket itself.

Mademoiselle Zolander could hardly believe that the Rector had advanced so far in the good opinion of her mistress, for in that case he would have told her; but perhaps after he had received the favor of the latter, he solemnly cut off a ringlet, quite forgetting that she had engaged his familiar confidence.

But Mademoiselle Sophia was not one who could readily pardon an affront to her dignity, and she soon remembered that the Rector had barely lunched her a few evenings before, for when she went out to the hill to meet him, he was in a carriage with a young lady, and he declared the whole world should know. A cringer is he who is ever terrible than I, and obstinate too.

My blood commenced to boil also. But the angel stepped between us.

"I swear," said she, "by my dearest hopes, that this is the only time I have seen Richard since my marriage, and I promise that I will not meet him again when I am your wife. Do not blast my reputation—it would kill my brother."

She entreated for the sake of that mother who had sacrificed her daughter, and who died two months after the day on which I wrote.

If her mother had already been dead, this argument would have had no effect on my inherent conciliation. God knows that she, when I shall ever adore, possessed every virtue, every feminine grace, and that which could render her life free from spot or blemish.

Her voice was my tender and soft supplication, that her husband, whose car was unaccustomed to such tones, calmed his rage.

If this young lady, my wife, will, on his honor, make the same promise, I, on my part, will remain patient and silent; but if he wishes me to forgive, and receive with favor and full pardon, a wife on whom, otherwise, I would have looked with scorn, he must remember that his connection with her can be broken easily.

"How! What mean you?" said I, for she astonished.

"I mean," answered he, roughly, "that there are more women. If you really love her, you cannot in a secretary fail you can and promote her happiness by uniting yourself with another."

"Sir," replied I, "she is indeed your wife, and no must remain—she cannot choose differently—and you must content yourself if she is there that she has departed from the path of honor. I, on my part, promise to surrender her hand, even at the cost of my own."

Now do you understand all, oh, Hilda, dear, dear Hilda?

An unfortunate destiny cast you in my way, and my heart was lost in a moment's place.

Should we be married, in all probability we would not be very unhappy. I know what my firm will and your tenderness could accomplish.

But I required time for reflection, and therefore postponed our wedding until I could have been an unworthy action on both sides, if our marriage had taken place at least before you had a clear insight into the true state of affairs.

Oh, how long has this painful secret burdened my heart! I feared to confess it, lest I should find that it would cause my happiness to vanish.

But now I have spoken everything. Choose you either our marriage or our separation—whichever decision you may determine upon, our matter in either case must soon be decided.

But know that I have not sacrificed the innermost seed of an honorable man.

If you conclude, after this confession on my part, to unite your destiny with mine, I assure you that you will find a husband who will ever cast his heart at your feet.

Farewell, angelic Hilda, you merit all happiness—farewell, and may tears in your eyes never more flow over will entwin you the noblest among women. RICHARD."

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wretch. He shrank in horror from pursuing conclusions—it was worse than torture, worse than madness to do so. Oh, Millicent, dear Stump! why had he not thought those days gone by to-day, as he sat beside her? Why had he not asked her, then and there, the one Yes question, that was to win his fellow-prisoner, his companion for life?

In the meantime Millicent had fled from the broken spot, Dell-Delight, upon finding herself unnoticed and out of Old Jo Gudgeon's sight.

At last she was alone—alone with the spot that before the sun arose. The two physicians that had been summoned the night previous, had had been dismissed by the storm, arrived in the morning only to see the patient die. Many inquiries were made, and much conjecture formed, as to the cause of Theodore Williamson's improper and unseasonable absence at such a juncture. But Melchizedek, the faithful valet, having disclosed his master's absence stage, did not appear, and no one else upon the premises could give any explanatory relative to the movements of their young master. He had left the bedside of his dying mistress at nine o'clock the night before, and he had not since returned—as no saddle-horse was gone from the stable—that was all that could be ascertained. Dr. Brightwell took his departure, in answer to the summons of Mr. Pigg, by Wednesday morning, owing that there was no immediate person in the household having elsewhere an urgent demands upon his time and attention, kindly volunteered to stay and superintend affairs at Dell-Delight, until the reappearance of the young master.

At Old Field Cottage, Edith had sat up into the night before calling for Marian; but seeing that she did not return, had taken it for granted that she had remained all night with Miss Thornton, and so, without the least anxiety, had gone to bed, and enjoyed a refreshing sleep. Mrs. Wilkinson, having that there was no unusual disturbance in the night, retired to rest. And in the morning she arose with the same impression on her mind, partly leading forward to Marian's return with the visitor, and the servitude she had promised.

She had breakfast over early, made the room very tidy, dressed Miriam in her holiday clothes, put on her own Sunday gown, and sat down to wait for Marian and the visitor. The morning passed slowly, in momentary expectation of an arrival.

It was near eleven o'clock when she looked up and saw Colonel Thornton's carriage approaching the cottage.

"There! I said so! I knew Marian had remained with Miss Thornton, and that they would bring her home this morning. I suppose Colonel Thornton and his sister are both with her! And now for the revelation! I can well scream what it is," said Edith, speaking to herself, as she arose and stroked down her gown, and smoothed her ringlets, preparatory to meeting her guests.

By this time the carriage had drawn up before the cottage gate. Edith went out just to time to see the door opened, and Miss Thornton alight. The lady was alone—that Edith saw at the first glance, and,

"What can be the meaning of this?" she asked herself, as she went forward to welcome her visitor.

But Miss Thornton was very pale and tremulous, and she acted altogether strangely.

"How do you do, Miss Thornton, I am very glad to see you," said Edith, extending her hand.

But the lady seized it, and drew her forcibly towards the door, saying, in a husky voice,

"Come in—come in."

Full of surprise, Edith followed her.

"Sit down," she continued, sinking into a chair, and pointing to a vacant one by her side.

Edith took the seat, and waited in wonder for her further speech.

"Where is Marian?" asked Miss Thornton, in an agitated voice.

"Where? Why, I believed her to be at your home!" answered Edith in surprise and vague fear.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the lady, growing very pale, and trembling in every limb. Edith started up in alarm.

"Miss Thornton, what do you mean? For mercy sake, tell me, has anything happened?"

"I do not know—I am not sure—I trust not—tell me!" when did you see her last? when did she leave home? this morning?"

"No!" she replied, shuddering.

"And she has not returned? you have not seen her since?"

"No!"

"Did she tell you where she was going?"

"No!"

"Did she promise to come back? and when?"

"Oh, God!" cried the lady, in a voice of deep distress, and burying her face in her hands.

"Miss Thornton! for Heaven's sake! tell me what has occurred?"

"Oh, Edith!"

"In mercy, explain yourself—Marian! what of Marian?"

"Oh, God, sustain you, Edith! what can I say to you? or you have not heard it!"

"Marian! Marian! oh! what has happened to Marian! Oh! where is Marian?"

"I had hoped to find her here after all! else I had not found courage to come!"

"Miss Thornton, this is cruel—"

"As your Edith! what you require to be told is too cruel. Oh, Edith! pray Heaven for fortitude!"

"I have fortitude for anything but suspense. Oh, tiresome, Miss Thornton, relieve this suspense, or I shall embrace!"

"Edith! Edith!" said the lady, going up and putting her arms around the trembling form of the young widow, as to shield and support her. "Oh, Edith! I heard a report this morning—and she may be but a report—I pray Heaven, that it is no more—"

"Oh, speak! what, what was it?"

"That, last evening on the beach during the storm, Marian Mayfield—" Miss Thornton's voice choked.

"Oh, speak! for mercy's speak! What of Marian."

"That Marian Mayfield had been waylaid, and—"

"Murdered! oh, God!" cried Edith, as her overstrained nerves relaxed, and she sunk in the arms of Miss Thornton.

A child's wild, frenzied shriek resounded through the house. It was the voice of Miriam.

At Lockenaugh that morning, the remains of the unfortunate Doctor Grimshaw were laid out preparatory to burial. Josiah, in a state of bewildered stupor of remorse, wandered vaguely from room to room, smoking rest and finding none. He never caused a delicious cordial to touch "That was the excitement thought! the corroded liver's centre. Fresh bile became, too, peace had fled. It was soon noon when the sun of the day's fate should have risen enough, and nevertheless the family with continuation and grief.

But Jacqueline, the effect of the tragic tale on her was keenly felt. She understood the catastrophe as to one slow could. She knew who struck the fatal blow, and why he struck, and under what monster it was struck! She felt that another crime, another death lay heavy on her soul! It was too much! she! it was too much! no human heart nor brain could sustain the crushing burden, and her poor head all fell into convulsions that threatened soon to terminate in death. And day and night she made lodgings with her sickbed. It was only shrieks and inarticulate cries—there was no raving, no talking, at all freely, the fatal secret weighing on her bosom never transpired.

Before the day was out the whole country was in an uproar. Never had any event of the neighborhood created so high an excitement—it so produced a sympathy. Great horror and amazement filled every bosom. A country magistrate was immediately summoned, and handbills were printed, large rewards offered, and every means taken to secure the discovery of the criminal. In the deep abounding sympathy for Marian's fate, the sudden death of Professor Grimshaw, and the reasonably-to-be-supposed demise of old Mr. Cloudesley Willcocks passed nearly unnoticed, and were soon forgotten. Among the most conspicuous in the crowd of the unknown murderer was Thornton Williamson. but the ghastly pallor of his countenance, the wildness of his eyes, and the distraction of his manner, often excited the curiosity and conjecture of all who looked upon him.

These weeks after this, Edith lay upon her death-bed; her delirious fronzy never recovered this short period. Some days before her death she enlisted Miriam to her bedside. The child approached; she was coldly uttered within the last few weeks, incessant warping had diminished her splendid eyes, and paled her brilliant cheeks.

"Sit down upon the bed by me, my daughter," said Edith.

The child climbed up and took the indicated seat. Something of that long-remembered fire, which had once heaved the fury of the British soldiers, kindled in the dying woman's eyes.

"Miriam, you are nearly nine years old in time, and much older than that in thought and time, and much older than that in thought and years. Miriam, you are nearly nine years old in time, and much older than that in thought and years. Miriam, you are nearly nine years old in time, and much older than that in thought and years. Miriam, you are nearly nine years old in

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1848.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 23d, there was no session of importance in the Senate.

On the 24th, several resolutions were offered, calling upon the President for communications to the Senate relative to the seizure of the property of American citizens, and other documentary information with the United States.

After some discussion of the Deficit Loan Bill, the Senate went into executive session.

On the 25th, the Army Appropriation Bill was taken up by the committee, being on the amendment reported by the Committee on Finance to strike out the appropriation of $30,000 for the preservation of minerals, and make $400,000 for contracts including also in Texas and Rhode Mexico, and the erection of magazines and armories in those places, and at Pittsburg, Augusta, and Detroit.—Adopted 32, nays 9.

On motion of Mr. Mason, three amendments were adopted—one to increase the rate of subsistence to the total for officers of the army; another to increase the number of military chaplains; and a third appropriating $100,000 for the purchase of arms for the militia of the several States, for the use of the army throughout the country.

The Senate thereupon took up the bill making appropriations for fortifications, and for the year ending June 30, 1849, which was read a third time, and passed.

On the 26th, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1849, which was read a third time, and passed.

The Senate then entered into executive session, and after some time spent therein, adjourned.

On the 27th, the Senate was occupied with the Harbor and Rivers Bill, after which it adjourned over to Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 23d, the House went into committee on the bill (H. R. No. 90)

On the 24th, the House went into committee of the whole on the State of the Union on the French Spoliation Bill.

On the 25th, the House passed a joint resolution authorizing the President to give the requisite notice for the termination of the convention between the United States and Great Britain, by which the Senate ratified the treaty of 1827, in relation to the Oregon territory.

On the 26th, the House went into committee of the whole on the bill (H. R. No. 90) making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1849, and after some time spent therein, the committee rose, reported the bill to the House, and the House ordered the bill to be engrossed and read a third time.

On the 27th, the House went into committee of the whole on the State of the Union on the French Spoliation Bill.

General News.

ARRIVAL OF THE PACIFIC.

The Eastern question has assumed an entirely new aspect, and not only the four points of difference as explained by England, France and Austria, but the whole question of the Turkish Empire has been submitted to the arbitration of the Emperor Nicholas, and his decision is awaited with breathless anxiety. The immediate effect of the reports of the Russian Emperor's views has been to depress the funds full one per cent.

The Pacific's dates are to the 1st of January, 1848.

The standard bearer of the Reform party in the Chamber of Deputies is M. Odilon Barrot, who has been for many years the leader of the Opposition. The immediate effect of the reports of the Russian Emperor's views has been to depress the funds full one per cent.

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Selected Poetry.

TO LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, ESQ.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

I've greeted many a lovely bride
On many a bridal day,
In bowers serene and summer-skied,
Where Love's spring-buds, with joy and pride,
Had blossomed into May;
But ne'er on lovelier bride than thine
Looked those delighted eyes of mine,
And ne'er, in happier bridal bower
Than here, amid rose and orange-flower
Through green leaves glad and gay,
When bridesmaids, grouped around her room,
Entwined, with merry fingers fair,
Their garlands in her sunny hair;
Or bloomed them, with graceful art,
Above the beatings of her heart.

I well remember, as I stood
Among that pleasant multitude,
A stranger, careless and forlorn,
Pledged bachelor, and hermit sworn,
That, when the holy voice had given,
In consecrated words of power,
The sanction of approving Heaven
To marriage-ring, and vow and dower;
When she, a Wife in matron's pride,
Stood life-devoted at thy side;
When happy lips had pressed her cheek,
And happiest lips her "bonny mou',"
And she had smiled with blushes meek,
On my congratulatory bow,
A sunbeam, balmy with delight,
Entranced, subdued me, till I quite
Forgot my anti-nuptial vow,
And almost asked, with serious brow
And voice of true and earnest tone,
The bridesmaid with the prettiest face
To take me, heart and hand and grace
A wedding of my own.

Time's years, it suits me not to say
How many, since that joyous day,
Have watched, and cheered thee on thy way
O'er duty's chosen path severe;
And seen thee, heart and thought full grown,
Tread manhood's thorns and tempters down,
And win, like Pythias Character,
The wreaths and race-cups of renown—
Seen thee, thy name and deeds, enshrined
Within the memory-book of mind—
And seen thy morning prophecy
Truth-blossomed on a noon-day sky,
That he, whose worth could win a wife,
Lovely as thine, at Life's beginning,
Would always wield the power, through life,
Of winning all things worth the winning.

Hark! here are songs on Summer breeze,
And dance and song in Summer trees,
And choruses of birds and bees
In Air, their world of happy wings;
What far-off minstrelsy, whose tone
And words are sweeter than their own,
Has waked these rural welcomings?
'Tis nearer now, and now more near,
And now rings out like clarion clear.
They come—the merry bells of Fame!
They come—to glad me with thy name,
And borne upon their music's sea,
From wave to wave, melodiously,
Glad tidings bring of thine and thee.
They tell me that, Life's tasks well done,
Ere shadows mark thy westering sun,
Thy Bark has reached a quiet shore,
And rests, with slumbering sail and oar,
Fast anchored near a cottage door.
Thy home of pleasantness and peace,
Of Love, with eyes of Heaven's blue,
And Health, with cheek of roses' hue,
And riches, with the "Golden Fleece;"
Where she, the bride, a mother now,
Encircled round with sons and daughters,
Waits my congratulatory bow
To greet her on Tappan woods and waters;
And thou art proving, as in youth,
By daily kindnesses, the truth
And wisdom of the Scottish rhyme—
"To make a happy fireside clime
For children and for wife,
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life,"
And green and gold of life.

From long-neglected garden-bowers
Come these, my songs' memorial flowers.
With greetings from my heart, they come
To seek the shelter of thy home;
Though faint their hues, and brief their bloom,
And all unmeet for gorgeous room
Of honor, love, obedience,
"And troops of friends," like thine,
I hope thou wilt not banish hence
These few and fading flowers of mine,
But let their theme be their defence,
The love, the joy, and freshness,
And fragrance of Lang Syne.

Pier Lee, N. J., July, 1854.

—*Knickerbocker Gallery.*

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

A NIPPER.

Phew—what a blast! who says there is no winter in New York? Good, wholesome weather; but see how these effeminate New York men shrink from it, and what wonder? when their counting-rooms and offices are heated hotter than Abednego's furnace, and when they sit with their hats on, at that. I never could account for this little masculine hallucination; however, the wig-makers and venders of "Hair Restoratives," will probably profit by it.

Yes, look how these New York men shrink from the cold. See the great, lazy, pursy fellows, with their overcoats buttoned, over their coffee and toast, and their coat collars turned over their ears, snatching the morning papers from the scampering newsboys, and climbing, shivering, into the omnibuses to ride just a few blocks; preferring to breathe that pestiferous atmosphere, with closed windows—preferring to nestle their lazy feet in that dirty straw, (which has served for a spittoon I dare not say how long!) to breathing this fresh, bracing air, and giving their sluggish blood a circulation, by a good brisk trot to their offices. The consequence will be, that the scowling editor, doubled up in yonder corner like a jack-knife, (sorry blade!) will sit down when he reaches his counting room, with a blue nose and stiffened fingers, to cut up most savagely the first book he lays his hands on to review; Heaven help the thin-skinned author!

And yet an omnibus is not without its uses, especially in view of long skirts, muddy pavements, and a pelting rain.

"Curious," said an old gentleman who was my elbow neighbor in one, the last rainy day—"very curious"—and there he stopped, and examined very intently a newspaper he held in his hand; "very curious," resumed he again, "that, notwithstanding Boston has such a reputation for being literary, its newspapers should be so poorly edited; it is astonishing how much more talent and ability there is in our New York editorial corps."

At this I pricked up my ears. Now though I believe Boston to be the very nest and hot-bed of puritanical hypocrisy, its morality being as crooked as its streets, and its "whited-sepulchral" inhabitants saying the Lord's Prayer in one breath, and slandering their neighbors in the next, with equal zeal, yet the temptation to trip up the heels of that old gentleman's New York self-complacency was too much for me. So I replied, ("self-elected.")

"I think, sir, if you stop a moment to consider, you will find that some of your ablest New York papers, commencing with the 'N. Y. Tribune,' are edited wholly, or in part by Boston men."

The old gentleman squared round—peeped under my bonnet over his gold bowed spectacles, looked intently for a moment up to the leather strap on the roof, then counted and muttered over his fingers—then cleared his throat vigorously—then—peeped under my bonnet again, exclaiming, "'Pon honor, ma'am, I believe you are right."

Well, where was I? as the gossip say. Oh, just before I told you the omnibus story I was taking a walk. Well, now—just see those young school girls going into yonder building; sacrificed to the horrible custom here in Gotham, of immuring children in a heated school-room from nine o'clock in the morning till three in the afternoon, to cram their brains with all sorts of 'isms and 'ologies. Oh, for the good old sensible times, when opines were of as much account as brains, when there was a forenoon and afternoon school; when children at twelve, or one o'clock, exchanged Geography and Grammar for the needful roast beef and apple pudding.

You should see the heavy-eyed—jaded—spiritless New York school children at 3 o'clock, dragging languidly home with their piles of books, stopping on the way, at some suicidal confectioner's shop, to satisfy their hunger cravings with villainous pastry or cake, till [illegible]

[illegible]

"Improvement" how it can be expected of growing, active, mercurial, restless childhood? Go to our "Water Cure," and other establishments of the kind, and see the result. For my own part, I wish every school-house in New York, (or any where else) where this exterminating system is practised, were burnt to the ground. But what is the use of preaching about it, in a place where to be sensible, is to be singular?

FANNY FERN.

Country Scenes.

FLY FISHING.—MR. HACKLE ARRIVES AT HIS FAVORITE SPOT, WHERE HE KNOWS THERE IS GOOD TROUT.

Selected Articles.

FAMILIAR CONVERSATION ON INTERESTING SUBJECTS

Mrs. Wilson was sitting in her room sewing one day in the early part of March, when her little daughter came running in, in great glee. In her hand she held a bunch of beautiful flowers.

"Look, mother," she cried, "what a lovely bouquet Mrs. Haybrook has sent me from town."

"Rather out of the common order of things, isn't it, Clara, to send flowers from the town to the country: but I suppose they are hot-house plants?"

"Oh, yes! mother, they must be; but are they not beautiful?"

"Beautiful indeed, Clara; and how sweetly they smell too; why, the room is filled with their perfume already."

"Mother, can you tell me what it is that causes the odor or perfume of flowers?"

"Botanists account for it in some measure; but it is generally considered to be beyond human observation."

"What do they say about it?"

"They say it arises from the volatile oils, formed by the corolla."

"Volatile oils, formed by the corolla! I don't know what that means, mother?"

"Volatile means passing off by evaporation—the corolla is the blossom part of the flower; if the heat is very great, the oils evaporate faster than they are formed; if it is too feeble, they scarcely evaporate at all. Under both these circumstances, flowers seem to have very little smell."

"Then I suppose, mother, that is the reason why flowers generally seem more fragrant in the morning and evening than they do in the middle of the day."

"Yes; for then the heat being neither too great nor too little, these oils evaporate just fast enough to form a perfumed atmosphere around the flowers."

"But, mother, this seems very plain, I think; what did you mean when you said a little while ago, it was beyond our observation?"

"I alluded to the particular way in which these oils were formed by the corolla; that, as well as the secretion of nectary, appear to be hidden mysteries of the Great Author of Nature, which our limited faculties are not permitted to comprehend."

"Nectar is a sweet juice, something like honey, which is found in many flowers, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes; and if it answers no other purpose, we know it affords food for bees and other insects."

"Was the science of botany known to the ancients, mother?"

"It was, to a certain extent; but, like other branches of natural science, it had much to contend with. It is said of Solomon, you know that 'he spake of trees; from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop, that springeth out of the wall; and people from all countries came to hear his wisdom.' Pythagoras, Aristotle, Theophratus, and other philosophers wrote on this subject; but, as the descriptions which they gave of plants were without any system, their works were of little use. Dioscorides gave the names and properties of six hundred plants, but having no idea of species or genera, it amounted to little or nothing."

"I don't understand what you mean by 'species or genera,' mother?"

"Naturalists have reduced all known vegetable productions on the surface of the globe into classes, orders, genera and species. The classes are composed of orders, the orders of genera, and the genera of species."

"Who made this division, mother?"

"Charles Von Linnæus, a native of Sweden, who has justly been styled by scientific men, the 'prince of naturalists.' I will endeavor to procure you the history of his life, which you can read at your leisure, and which I am sure you will be pleased with."

"Has it been long since his time, mother?"

"He was born in 1707, and died in 1778."

"But what particular advantages are to be derived from having plants divided in this manner, mother?"

"It enables a person acquainted with botany, to determine, at a glance almost, the particular class and family to which any plant may belong. To the traveller, more particularly, its advantages are felt; for oftentimes they come across plants unknown to them before, which a knowledge of this science enables them at once to refer to their proper station."

"But how are these different classes, etc., known from each other, mother? there must be some distinguishing mark."

"Yes, there is; but, in order to understand this distinction perfectly, it is necessary to have some acquaintance with the different parts of a flower. Give me a lily from your bouquet, and I will tell you the names of these different parts."

Clara did so.

"Now," continued Mrs. Wilson, taking the lily in her hand, "this part which you call the blossom, is, as I have already told you, the corolla; tell me of how many parts it is composed?"

"Six," answered Clara.

"Six, yes; well, each of these six parts is called a petal. Now, what do you observe within the corolla?"

"Six little threads like, with a sort of knob at the end, and—"

"Not too fast! these little things like threads, are termed stamens; the long, slender part is called the filament, and the little knob the anther. Now, what else is there?"

"A stem, I suppose I might call it, which rises in the centre, above the stamens."

"This stem, as you call it, is the pistil: it consists of three parts: this top part is termed the stigma; the long, slender part, the style; and this bottom part the germ."

[illegible]

these petals are inserted, is termed the receptacle. These are all the parts of the lily, but there is another part, which, although found in most flowers, is wanting here."

"You mean that little green thing like a cup, don't you, mother, at the bottom of the corolla? Here is one in this pink."

"Yes, that is what I allude to; this little green cup is called the calyx. Now let me hear if you can explain the different parts of a flower?"

"First, then, I suppose it is the calyx which surrounds the corolla——"

"The different parts of the calyx, I should have told you, are called sepals."

"Next the corolla, or blossom part of the flower; the parts of which are called the petals; within the corolla are the stamens; the parts are the anther, which contains the pollen, and the filament, which supports the anther; then, in the centre of the stamens, is the pistil, composed of the germ, the style, and the stigma; and the last is the receptacle, which supports the other parts of the flower. That is all, isn't it, mother?"

"In the mature plant, there are two other parts."

"Oh! yes; the pericarp and the seed."

"You have done very well, Clara: that, I think, is as much as your mind ought to be burthened with at one time; so we will leave the subject for the present.—*Agricultural Journal.*

SINGULAR FEATURE IN LUNACY.

A writer in "Church's Bizarre" gives us some interesting facts and remarks concerning the unfortunates in a Lunatic Asylum. A peculiar condition of lunacy is thus described:

"There are seasons when most of the patients—especially those whose lunatic attacks are only intermittent—are dreadfully weary of their confinement, and would get away if they could. And why do they not get away? How is it that half-a-dozen attendants are able to control a hundred men, four-fifths of whom, perhaps, are physically as strong, if not stronger, than themselves? If the patients, or even a portion of them, could harmonize and combine, they might bind and gag every attendant, take their keys, unlock the doors, and escape. But the simple fact is, lunatics cannot combine for effecting a common end; this is one of the most marked features of their malady. A single maniac may employ a great deal of cunning dissimulation, and is capable of carrying out a complicated and lengthened series of measures for accomplishing some purpose of his own. But when two or more of them attempt to unite their forces, and confer on some plan to be executed, they either cannot agree at all, or, if they agree for a short space, one or another is sure very soon to betray the rest, to disclose their intents, and, perhaps, help to defeat them; so that, practically, each lunatic stands alone in opposition to the whole number of attendants, and cannot rely on the slightest aid from scores of his mad companions. So striking is this feature of lunacy, that we may well regard it a providential arrangement, which deprives of a terrible power of working mischief those who have lost their capacity of self-control.

Something of the same conservative providential arrangement is witnessed in the case of the criminal and vicious. They cannot rely on each other's fidelity, but are ever ready to betray each other, and rend in pieces the very schemes they have aided in forming, and have sworn to help execute. By this means society is preserved from the measureless evil which might be done by a combination of men, with all their intellectual powers in full vigor, on the alert, and totally free from restraints of conscience and principle, if at the same time they could hold together, and be as true to each other as the virtuous part of mankind. But evil is self-defeating, as well as lunacy; and Heaven be thanked for both these ordinations."

CURIOUS BLUNDERS.

Columbus, sailing to America, thought he was discovering a passage to China, or Cathay. Even after it became known that a new continent had been discovered, instead of an old one re-visited, geographers labored under many curious and erroneous impressions. America, beyond its sea-coast, was shrouded in mystery, and what lay beyond, men could only conjecture.

It was thought that a great Southern continent lay just off Cape Horn, and adventurous mariners for centuries kept up the pursuit of it, until, at last, they ran against the icy boundary at the South Pole. The French Missionaries of Canada, who first explored the Mississippi, thought it emptied into the Gulf of California, and dreamed of reaching China upon its waters! This fact is perpetuated by the name of *La Chine*, given to a locality near Montreal, from which point the good fathers were to start.

The celebrated German traveller, Kohl, in a paper recently read by him, before the New York Geographical and Statistical Society, called attention to many of these curious blunders, as laid down on the early maps.

America was at first presented as a great peninsula of Asia, mixed up and joined with Japan, China, &c. Maps were shown in which China is in the closest neighborhood to Mexico, on which the Great Rio Colorado of California takes its source in Siberia, and where the Tartars and their horses and camels are represented about the Rocky Mountains. A Chinese was also shown, with his yellow shoes and trowsers, and pointed bonnet, standing upright in the midst of the Appalachian Mountains, and not far from him the portrait of an elephant. This latter feature was not so far wrong, for certainly "the elephant" has been extensively seen in this country.

But by degrees, as geographical knowledge improved, America was disjoined from Asia, Japan kept on the march to the west, and the Tartars, Chinese, and elephants were dismissed to their several homes.

It is a curious fact, that on maps of the world, made before the discovery of America, a fabulous island, called Antilla, is put down, in which may be seen the first dawn of America itself. On some old maps, a bridge across Behring's Straits is laid down, upon which is written, "Over this bridge, the ten lost tribes marched from Asia to America."

The Arab geographers styled the Atlantic Ocean the "Waters of Darkness." From this darkness how much light has been evolved in the course of a few centuries.—*Portland Transcript.*

HOW ADVERTISEMENTS WORK.—A French [illegible]

ANECDOTES OF NAMES.

From a recent article on "Given Names," in Putnam's Monthly, we take the following anecdotes:

We *say given* names, not *Christian* names, as is more common; for it is not every one having a first name that has a Christian name, as was exemplified in the case of Mr. Levi, who appeared as a witness before the Lord Mayor of London.

"What is your Christian name, Mr. Levi?" said that civic functionary.

"I have not got any, my lord," was the reply. "I am a Jew, but my first name is Moses."

Some people are not particular in names, provided they smack of the ancients, owing to which it happens that there is a boy now living in Philadelphia who has been christened—if we may thus use the word—after Commodus, one of the most infamous of the Roman Emperors.

The late Bishop Chase, of Illinois, had a dislike to having Greek and Roman names imposed upon children, which he displayed very pointedly on one occasion when a child was brought to him to be baptized.

"Name this child," said the bishop.

"Marcus Tullius Cicero," answered the father.

"What?"

"Marcus Tullius Cicero."

"Tut! tut! with your heathen nonsense! *Peter*, I baptize thee," and the child was Peter thenceforth and forever.

The story is well known of the man, who, having called four sons after Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, wished to have the fifth christened *Acts*, because, as he said, he "wanted to compliment the apostles a bit;" but the sequel, as given by Mr. Lower, in the last edition of his valuable work on "English surnames," is not so familiar to us. It appears that the father had two other sons, who were christened Richard and Thomas, and that the story of the name that had been proposed for No. 5, getting wind amongst his schoolmates, he was constantly annoyed with having this distich repeated, of better metre than rhyme—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Acts of 'Postles, Dick and Tom."

Some persons appear to have tried how near they could come to the height of absurdity, in giving names to their children. Benjamin Stokley, the first white settler in Mercer county, Pennsylvania (whose account thereof is in the fourth volume of the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania), gave most extraordinary names to all his children; at present, but one of them occurs to our memory—Aurora Borealis—by which he thought proper to designate one of his daughters. A Mr. Stickney, a distant relative of Dr. Franklin, numbered his children, calling them One Stickney, Two Stickney, &c. We might mention here, the case of Mr. New, who is said to have called his first child, Something, and the next, Nothing; but the story is probably the creation of the fertile imagination of Mr. Joseph Miller, or some of his successors.

An eminent lawyer, who adorned the Philadelphia bar, forty or fifty years ago, had a son with the same first name as himself, who was studying law in his office. One day a letter arrived without any addition of *junior*, but intended for the younger, which the elder gentleman opened and read. It was from a source not very creditable to any one.

"I am ashamed of you," said the father, indignantly, handing it to his son.

"I am ashamed of you, sir," replied the son, handing it back, with his finger pointed at the direction.

One of the sons of the Benjamin Stokely of whom we have spoken above, was born during his father's absence from home. On his return, his wife told him that she had called the child Benjamin, after him. "None of that," cried he, "I have no notion of hearing people talking of *old* Ben Stokely."

No name should be given to a child that will suggest a ludicrous idea when written in full, or when the initial only is used. We always pitied Mr. P. Cox, and Mr. T. Potts, both worthy men, but with thoughtless god-fathers.

Middle-aged persons, in Philadelphia, can recollect a druggist, named Ash, (now deceased) whose friends had selected Caleb for his first name. He was constantly annoyed with inquiries from school-boys, and others of the rising generation, as to the residence of Mr. Calabash.

Forty or fifty years ago, a very worthy little French tailor, named Frogg, resided in Charleston, S. C., and on the birth of one of his sons some wags persuaded him that it would be a very good thing for the child to call him after the chief magistrate of the State—Governor Bull, which was done accordingly, the unlucky combination of the two names never striking the father until it was too late.

Have many of our readers seen the pretty verses on the raising of a child, written by Mary, the unhappy sister of Charles Lamb? We shall presume that they have not, and without apology conclude this essay with them:—

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen:
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,
Charlotte, Julia or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;*
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanch is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine—
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her;
I will leave papa to name her.

* Southey was of a different opinion from Mary Lamb; in one of his sonnets he says, "Saxon Edith pleases me the best."

ABSENCE OF MIND—AND CLOTHES

The following anecdote of our innocent French Canadian, is from Mrs. Moodie's recent work:—

A couple of young ladies were walking one fine summer evening along the west bank of the Moira, and the narrator, in stooping over the water to gather some wild flowers that grew in a crevice of the rocks, dropped her parasol in the river. A cry of vexation at the loss of the article of dress, which is expensive, and almost indispensable beneath the rays of a Canadian sun, burst from her lips, and attracted the attention of a young man whom she had not before observed, who was swimming at some distance down the river. He immediately turned, and dexterously catching the parasol as it swiftly glided past him, swam towards the ladies with the rescued article, carried dog-fashion, between his teeth.

In his zeal to render this little service the poor fellow forgot that he was not in a condition to appear before ladies; who, startled at such an extraordinary apparition, made the best of their time to fly precipitably from the spot.

"I have no doubt," said Miss ——, laughing, "that the good-natured fellow meant well, but I never was so frightened and confounded in my life." The next morning the parasol was returned at the street-door, with "Jean Baptiste's compliments to the young ladies." So much for French Canadian gallantry."

IT'S GOOD.—There is some good even in a panic. Hard Times come in lieu of system to business. Corporations get cramped, merchants are in tight corners, retrenchment become necessary, leakages are hunted for, accounts get examined, reform and investigations are called for, and all that ransacking and turning of things upside down takes place, which is sure to come, when men make more money by re-adjusting their affairs than by extending their operations. Then stealing and villany are certain to come out. No kind of book-keeping will avail for perpetual robbery. Examination will discover it. The career of swindling agents and thieving accountants, is suddenly brought up all standing by Hard Times. Now what a comfort this is. Here is a sort of guarantee for stockholders and [illegible]

A RAIN DREAM.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

These strifes, these tumults of the noisy world,
Where Fraud, the coward, tracks his prey by stealth,
And Strength, the ruffian, glories in his guilt,
Oppress the heart with sadness. Oh, my friend,
In what serener mood we look upon
The gloomiest aspects of the elements
Among the woods and fields! Let us awhile,
As the slow wind is rolling up the storm,
In fancy leave this maze of dusty streets,
Forever shaken by the importunate jar
Of commerce, and upon the darkening air
Look from the shelter of our rural home.

Who is not awed that listens to the Rain,
Sending his voice before him? Mighty Rain!
The upland steeps are shrouded by thy mists;
The vales are gloomy with thy shade; the pools
No longer glimmer, and the silvery streams
Darken to pitchy black as thy approach.
Oh, mighty Rain! already thou art here;
And every roof is beaten by thy streams;
And as thou passest, every glassy spring
Grows rough, and every leaf in all the woods
Is struck and quivers. All the hill-tops slake
Their thirst from thee; a thousand languishing fields,
A thousand fainting gardens are refreshed;
A thousand idle rivulets start to speed,
And with the graver murmur of the storm
Blend their light voices as they hurry on.

Thou fill'st the circle of the atmosphere
Alone; there is no living thing abroad,
No bird to wing the air, nor beast to walk
The field; the squirrel in the forest seeks
His hollow tree; the marmot of the field
Has scampered to his den; the butterfly
Hides under her broad leaf; the insect crowds
That made the sunshine populous, lie close
In their mysterious shelters, whence the sun
Will summon them again. The mighty Rain
Holds the vast empire of the sky alone.

I shut my eyes, and see, as in a dream,
The friendly clouds drop down spring violets
And summer columbines, and all the flowers
That tuft the woodland floor, or overarch
The streamlet: spiky grass for genial June,
Brown harvests for the waiting husbandman,
And for the woods a deluge of fresh leaves.

I see these myriad drops that slake the dust,
Gathered in glorious streams, or rolling blue
In billows on the lake or on the deep,
And bearing navies. I behold them change
To threads of crystal as they sink in earth,
And leave no stains behind, to rise again
In pleasant nooks of verdure, where the child
Thirsty with play, in both his little hands
Shall take the cool clear water, raising it
To wet his pretty lips. To-morrow noon
How proudly will the water-lily ride
The brimming pool, o'erlooking, like a queen,
Her circle of broad leaves. In lonely wastes,
When next the sunshine makes them beautiful,
Gay troops of butterflies shall light to drink
At the replenished hollows of the rock.

Now slowly falls the dull blank night, and still,
All through the starless hours, the mighty Rain
Smites with perpetual sound the forest leaves,
And beats the matted grass, and still the earth
Drinks the unstinted bounty of the clouds,
Drinks for her cottage wells, her woodland brooks,
Drinks for the springing trout, the toiling bee
And brooding birds, drinks for her tender flowers,
Tall oaks, and all the herbage of her hills.

A melancholy sound is in the air,
A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail
Around my dwelling. 'Tis the wind of night;
A lonely wanderer between earth and cloud,
In the black shadow and the chilly mist,
Along the streaming mountain side, and through
The dripping woods, and o'er the plashy fields,
Roaming and sorrowing still, like one who makes
The journey of life alone, and nowhere meets
A welcome or a friend, and still goes on
In darkness. Yet awhile, a little while,
And he shall toss the glittering leaves in play,
And dally with the flowers, and gaily lift
The slender herbs, pressed low by weight of rain,
And drive, in joyous triumph, through the sky,
White clouds, the laggard remnants of the storm.

—*From "The Courant."*

Wit and Humor.

FOOTE.—A brewer offered Foote a share in the profits of his brewery if he would but recommend the beer among his friends. Fitzherbert was one of the friends who took it in consequence; but it became so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it, though they found themselves at some loss in what way to notify their resolution. Knowing Foote's connection with the beer, they were afraid of offending their master, by whom they also knew Foote to be much cherished as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favorite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small beer no longer. As fortune would have it, however, on that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at table; when he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, and grimace, that when he went down stairs he told them, "This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small beer."

Foote, it appears, was well aware of the dangerous nature of the weapon he wielded.—"Take care of your wit," he said to young O'Keefe, "bottle up your wit." To another friend he said, "Never sacrifice a friend to a joke, unless your joke is better than your friend."

A GERMAN SHARP AND AN ENGLISH FLAT.—The most severe and cutting hit we have heard for some time, was made at one of our theatres a few days since, during an operatic rehearsal, by the "base viol." The rehearsal had been delayed some time by the non-appearance of the *primo-tenore*, who is proverbial in his singing for frequently being out of time and tune. Finally he appeared, and the orchestra was called. The double base was absent, which was considered an act of base desertion on his part, and drew forth a storm of indignation from the *tenore*. At length the absent musician appeared, with the froth of lager beer adhering to his moustache. "What the deuce do you mean, sir," said the singer, "keeping everybody waiting for two hours? You ought to be discharged." "You dink so, eh?" retorted double-base. "Teufel, I was wait every day, und every poddy else for two hour, and I only have yust run out for five minutes, to get a little lager bier, and you insult before everypoddy. But I shall haf my revenge to-night; *whenever you sings, I shall play in tune.*"—*N. Y. Picayune.*

HOW HOOD ANSWERED NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.—The "Echos," we fear will not answer; "Alien" is foreign to his subject; "W." "Tears of Sensibility," had better be dropped; "B." is surely humbug; "The Night Thoughts," are not admired because the author was young; "T." says his tale is out of his own head—is he a tadpole? "Y. Y." a word to the Y's is sufficient; the "Essay on the Funeral Ceremonies of Different Nations," should be printed in the dead languages; we decline it on the part of the English. "Mr. R." complains that we are backward in forwarding his paper. Does he mean by the clause to take us for crabs? "The Sonnet to Miss Tree," is forwarded to her by the Two-Penny Post; "The Captive," is ready to be restored; the "Essay on Agricultural Distress," would only increase it.

DANGERS OF FINE WRITING.—In those days of common sense, "fine writing" is rather a dangerous experiment. We experienced the truth of this the other day, when perusing a rather spirited, but somewhat inflated letter, signed W. Napier, we came to a passage which, at the first glance, read to us as follows:—

"Makes England snore and stare like a warehouse in the midst of cartage."

Having taken a second look at this rather stunning sentence, we found it to run thus:

"Makes England snort and start like a war horse in the midst of carnage."

If a more familiar style of expression had been adopted, and the writing had not been quite so fine, this little mistake would probably not have happened.—*London Punch.*

A PARSIMONIOUS MOTHER.—The greatest parsimony in the matter of names, occurred a few years ago in a country village of our acquaintance. A woman quite noted for *skrimping* her husband as well as her children, having given birth to a child some two or three months before, was called on by a neighbor one winter day, and the conversation between the two women naturally enough turned upon domestic matters. Among other things the name of the infant was asked. The mother at once replied, "Oh, la! Mrs. C., we haven't given it any name yet. I kind o' thought I would wait and see if it *would winter through.*"

A CAROLINA STORY.—A Quaker friend of ours who has been travelling in North Carolina, tells the following, which shows how great value is set upon education in parts of that State. She was staying with a lady friend when this interesting conversation took place:

"Eliza, hasn't thee a right smart edication?" [illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE FUTURE OF ART.—Art has still much to do. It may have reached one climax in the person of Raphael. Yet Fame is a hill of many summits—and some are yet untrodden but by the angels. The best portrait may have been painted, and the best religious poem transferred to canvass, but the greatest portrait the world will ever know will be one not yet painted—the greatest man by the greatest painter. If the Roman Catholic has painted his highest ideal, the Protestant has yet his own to portray. Nature is little known to the artist, and the greatest breadth and most loving minuteness have not yet been united. The nineteenth century has yet to throw its joys and sorrows, its aims or aspirations, upon canvass. No painter-satirist has yet lashed its vices, or bidden us laugh at its humors, which deserve to excite the mirth of posterity. Our painters feed on air, and paint the pale reflections of their dreams—visions of a dead mythology they have never studied—scenes of a religion they do not care for—backgrounds of countries they have never seen—fancies from books they have never read through—worst of all, recollections of dead men's works—or, to sink lowest, recollections of the plagiarisms of others. They only see poetry where others have seen it. The daily life of the living is to them drudge and care and common-place—the life of the dead, poetry ready-fashioned for their use. They dare not lead the public, because the public holds the purse; so they paint down to low taste, and will not create, because originality has to create a public for itself. How long are Goldsmith and Cervantes to supply our artists with worn-out groups, as well known as the tableaux of *Punch?*—*Athenæum.*

THE MUSES.—The Muses are described in Mythology as daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. They were believed to preside over poetry, music, and all the liberal arts and sciences, and were generally allowed to be nine in number.

Calliope presided over epic poetry and eloquence, and is represented as holding a close-rolled parchment, and sometimes a trumpet.

Clio was the goddess of history, and is represented holding a half-open scroll.

Melpomene, the inventress and goddess of tragedy, represented as holding a tragic mask, or bowl and dagger.

Erato presided over lyric, tender, and amorous poetry. She is represented as crowned with roses and myrtle, holding a lyre in her hand.

Terpsichore was the goddess of dancing, and is represented crowned with laurel, and holding a musical instrument.

Urania, the muse of Astronomy, is represented as holding a globe and a rod, with which she points out objects.

Thalia was the patroness of comedy. She was called "The Blooming One," with fair flowing hair, and generally holds a comic mask.

Polyhymnia, the ninth muse, presided over singing and rhetoric. She was represented veiled in white, holding a sceptre in her left hand, and with her right raised, as if ready to harangue.

WHAT WILL IT END IN?—There are few questions more frequently asked than the following—"what will it end in?" The query was once propounded to a Scotchman, who was trying to keep on the safe side of a mad bull. He replied, "wait till the tail breaks, and you'll ken all about it." The answer of our oat meal friend, was a very correct one, and what is more, of universal application. When you see a man of small means dealing in extravagant expenditures, don't be impatient, you will know all about the mystery "when the tail breaks"—that is, when his creditors become alarmed, and insist on an early acquaintance with his cash book. When this takes place, it will be discovered that your friend was a shaver, and that he has been striving for half a life time to keep on the safe side of a bull, known as the Court of Bankruptcy. Mr. Van Splurge is teller in a Wall street banking institution. Van Splurge lives fast, and takes on airs. Van Splurge gambles in stocks, and goes his length on railroad speculations and other excitements. Van Splurge will get along well enough until "the tail breaks." When that takes place, it will be discovered, that Van Splurge has dealt in false entries, and has just acquired a sudden taste for visiting Europe.

THE ROOT OF EVIL.—The following sensible paragraph is from the Newark Daily Advertiser: "One thing is as clear as the sun, that the absorbing ambition to seize the glittering prize of gold was never before so prolific a root of evil as it is now. We do not know which is working the greatest mischief among us, the lust of political power, or the lust of pelf. When we come to this burning appetite in so many men, the powerful, almost supernatural energy communicated to it by the vicious tastes and demands of families for luxury, show and extravagance, to rival other families, and win an absurd distinction, founded upon nothing better than money, it is not difficult to account for many of these astounding falls from virtue and high moral position, and their accompanying defalcations, which occasionally convulse society."

MISS FERRIER.—The demise of Miss Ferrier (says the Dumfries Courier) has not called forth the amount of public notice which the event deserved, partly owing to the complete retirement in which she passed her later years. The authoress of "Marriage," "Inheritance," and "Destiny," ought not, however, to have gone down to the grave in obscurity; and it says little for the taste of the present day that such works have been overshadowed by more modern productions. As a novelist she deserves to be ranked as high as Maria Edgeworth, and higher than Miss Austin; in appreciation of character, and subtle power to portray it, she has been surpassed by few; while her delicious vein of humor was ever controlled by refined taste and high religious principle.

For Housekeepers.

NEW WAY OF MINCING MEAT.—Cut in small dice one pound of either raw beef, mutton, pork, or veal, flesh and fat in proportion; put in the pan two ounces of butter or dripping; when hot, add the meat, stir it occasionally, and season it with two small teaspoonsful of salt, a little spice, half one of pepper. When the meat is just set, put in a teaspoonful of flour, half a pint of water; let it simmer twenty minutes, or, if tough, a little longer, adding a gill more water and serve; a little eschalot, chives or onions, chopped, may be added. If veal, lamb, or pork, the sauce may be kept white, and milk may be used; if beef or mutton, the sauce ought to be brown, and three teaspoonfulls of coloring added; the juice of a lemon, or a drop of vinegar, is very good with it; ox kidneys may be done the same way. This will make a good curry by the addition of half a teaspoonful of that article.

HAM TOAST.—Boil a quarter of a pound of lean ham; chop it small, with the yolk of three eggs well beaten, half an ounce of butter, two tablespoonfulls of cream, and a little cayenne. Stir it over the fire till it thickens, and spread it on hot toast with the crust cut off. Garnish with parsley.

BACHELOR'S PONE.—One quart of milk, two eggs, teaspoonful of saleratus, and Indian meal sufficient to make a batter about the thickness of pancakes. Bake quick in pans previously buttered, and eat while they are warm.

BEANS FOR SOUP.—The use of beans as an article of food, is not so considerable as it should be. Beans are the most nutritious of all kinds of food used by man. Chemical analysis, and the experience of those who make extensive use of them, demonstrates this. Besides, they are the most economical food which can be used for the support of a family. Those who find the times hard are most respectfully invited to try the experiment.

To provide an excellent dinner—healthful, palatable, and nutritious—take a pint of beans, with one gallon of water, and the beef bones we are accustomed to throw in the street. Boil all together, (adding a few potatoes, if convenient,) until the beans become soft—add salt and pepper to suit the taste, and dinner is ready. Such a dinner costs next to nothing; [illegible]

Agricultural.

THE MICHIGAN DOUBLE, OR SOD AND SUBSOIL PLOUGH.

Although decidedly progressive in our tendencies, we are far from believing that every patented implement is an improved one.—Neither are we willing, under any circumstances, to set aside the "*good old, for the trashy new.*"

There are many implements which for want of energy, or means on the part of the inventor or manufacturers, are confined in their use to the immediate territory in which they originated. Some of these are decidedly superior to any of their class, and where we have satisfactory evidence that such is the case, it will afford us pleasure to acquaint our readers with the fact.

As a case in point, we refer to the *Michigan Double, or Sod and Sub-soil Plough*, which has been before the public for ten years or more, and yet, until very recently, its merits appear to have been but partially understood, and its introduction to use, confined to a comparatively limited territory.

It was awarded the first premium at the great State Fair of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, also of the New York State Society, as well as at every County exhibition where it was allowed to be entered for competition.

Briefly, "the superior merits of these Ploughs consist in:—

"1.—The mode of attaching the forward mould-board to the beam, by which great strength and durability are secured, as also the various desirable changes in depth of [illegible] and relative depth of each plough, the [illegible] being regulated to any shade of nicety [illegible] perfect facility;

"2.—The entire and handsome overturn [illegible] the sod furrow, by the forward mould-[illegible] to the extent of the whole width of [illegible] taken by the plough, placing it beneath [illegible] of the way of the teeth of the harrow, cu[illegible] tor or other implement, so that it is in n[illegible] dragged to the surface in the after cu[illegible] tion of the crop.

"3.—The thorough and finished work [illegible] by the rear mould-board, in taking up h[illegible] row of under soil and sifting or scatte[illegible] over the inverted sod, so as to entirely [illegible] the surface, and at the same time break[illegible] any undue cohesion of the soil, leavi[illegible] ploughed land in a perfectly pulverized [illegible] dition, requiring little labor with the h[illegible] or other surface-working instrument—a[illegible] deed, in all tolerable free loams, renderin[illegible] use of these instruments, as pulverizers, [illegible] unnecessary:

"4.—The remarkably light draught of p[illegible] in proportion to the amount of work a[illegible] thoroughness of pulverization accom[illegible] ed."

Messrs. Paschall Morris & Co., having [illegible] chased the exclusive right to manufactu[illegible] above Ploughs in this city, they are no[illegible] pared to supply orders for both right an[illegible] handed ones to any amount.

POTATOES.

"Is our country become so poor that it can no longer supply its own inhabitants with food? It really appears to be so this year, for great quantities of potatoes have recently been imported into this city from Scotland and Ireland. A large portion of the last cargo of the steamer *Glasgow* was potatoes, which, after paying the tariff, yielded—we have been told—very handsome profits to the exporters, as they sold them for four times the price obtained in their own markets. We have been shipping flour, wheat, and corn to Europe, and are now being partly paid back in potatoes. Has this esculent become so difficult to cultivate in our country, that we must have it sent from abroad to supply our wants? The potato rot visited those countries in Europe which are sending us potatoes, a few years ago, with greater severity than our own country, but it appears that the farmers there have devoted more attention to its cure than ours have. This should not be so, for the potato is a native of our continent, and we think it can be raised in as great abundance, and as of good quality by our farmers, as by those in Europe. This is an agricultural subject which demands attention, and we hope these remarks will lead many of our farmers, during the present winter, to adopt measures for cultivating and improving a more extensive potato crop next season."

The above, which we find in the Scientific American, is pregnant with importance to the American farmer, and well worth his most serious consideration. If Scotch or Irish potatoes can be shipped to the United States and sold at four times the price they command at home, there is either something radically defective in our system of cultivation, or the soil and climate of Scotland and Ireland are far better adapted to the growth of this important esculent than ours. The short crop of the past season may have had something to do with present high prices, but with a full average crop, and heavy surplus stock, we have rarely known potatoes to be sold at one-fourth even the present high prices. Will some of our readers familiar with the subject forward an explanation?

BASKET WILLOW.

We have just been informed of the invention of a machine for the removal of the bark on willow twigs, preparatory to sending them to market to manufacture into baskets. The removal of the bark has been the great obstacle hitherto in supplying our home markets, as the great amount of labor required, at American prices, left little margin for profit to the producer. A successful machine, for this purpose, will enable us to fully supply our own wants, extensive as they now are, and daily increasing.

This for the present can be done with our native willows, of which we have a very large variety. Some one we believe places the number as high as fifty, though this we think hardly possible. Yet, whoever will observe, as we have frequently done, the numerous kinds growing at the North and the South, the East and the West, cannot but estimate the aggregate as large. Of these, the supply sent to our market is principally made up, and is already large, and commands extravagant prices. From four to six cents per pound is paid for these native twigs, when stripped of their bark and dried. Six times the price of hay, ought to remunerate the farmers' boys and girls for sending wood to the Atlantic cities.

There are myriads of acres on the Mississippi and other river bottom lands, that are now covered with natural willows, suitable for basket-making. These have only to be cut over annually, to produce just the article that will command these high prices. It is true these native willows are not as valuable as the imported basket willow, but till these are grown to sufficient extent to supply ourselves, which we are gradually doing, the cultivation and preparation of the native will be found to pay well.

We understand some one in Connecticut has written a work on American and other willows. If the author or publisher will send us a copy we shall be happy to receive and call public attention to its contents, if deserving of it. The true interest of America as a nation, consists in diversifying our profitable productions and employments, to the fullest extent of which our climate, soil, and circumstances are capable.—*American Agriculturist.*

HOW TO JUDGE A HORSE.—A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, contrarily to old maxims, undertakes to judge the character of a horse by outward appearance, and offers the following suggestions, the result of his close observations and long experience.

If the color be light sorrel, or chesnut, his feet, legs and face white, these are marks of kindness.

If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended on as a horse of good sense, and capable of being trained to anything.

As respects such horses, the more kindly you treat them the better you will be treated in return. Nor will a horse of this description stand a whip if well fed.

If you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish-faced; he may be so far gentle as not to scare, but he will have too much go-ahead in him to be safe for everybody.

If you want a fool, but a horse of great bottom, get deep bay, with not a white hair about him; if his face is a little dished, so much the worse. Let no man ride such a horse who is not an adept in riding—they are always tricky and unsafe.

If you want one which will never give out, never buy a large, overgrown one. A black horse cannot stand heat, nor a white one cold.

If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white about him—the more the [illegible]

ANNUAL WASTE OF SEEDS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

It will surprise most of our readers to [illegible] that two-thirds of the seeds sown by fa[illegible] are either destroyed, or never germinat[illegible] Great Britain and Ireland, the annual [illegible] from this cause is estimated at 4,666,666 [illegible] ters of wheat, barley and oats, a suf[illegible] quantity to support a million of human b[illegible]

This is not mere speculation, but the [illegible] of a most careful and minute calculation, [illegible] upon the following:—That the greates[illegible] duce in the *best* districts is seventeen tim[illegible] quantity of wheat sown, and twelve time[illegible] quantity of barley and oats;—that the g[illegible] *average* produce of these three grains i[illegible] seven times the quantity of seed sown [illegible] the average number of grains in an ear o[illegible] wheat is 44, in an ear of barley 28, and [illegible] ear of oats about 64;—that the average [illegible] ing of vital seeds produces three ste[illegible] seed of wheat and barley, and two ste[illegible] seed of oats;—and that as an inference [illegible] these two last assumptions, the produ[illegible] wheat ought to be forty-four times accor[illegible] the grains, and one hundred and thirt[illegible] times according to the tillering; of [illegible] twenty-eight times according to the grain[illegible] eighty-four according to the tillering; [illegible] oats sixty-four times according to the g[illegible] and one hundred and twenty-eight tim[illegible] cording to the tillering.

The average quantity of wheat sown [illegible] imperial acre in England is three bushe[illegible] 2,685,921 grains, of barley, five bushe[illegible] 3,135,360 grains, and of oats, six bushe[illegible] 4,434,912 grains.

By examining the amount sown to the [illegible] as shown by the above statement, it w[illegible] seen that the quantity sown to the acre i[illegible] land greatly exceeds that sown by our fa[illegible] and would seem to show a smaller loss of [illegible] in the United States than in England.—[illegible] *gressive Farmer.*

THE UTILITY OF LEAVES.—Every perso[illegible] versant with vegetable philosophy, is [illegible] that the all important requisite in the g[illegible] of fine fruit, is a good supply of big, vig[illegible] healthy leaves. A tree which is kept de[illegible] ted for a single season must die; and [illegible] growing upon branches which are depri[illegible] their leaves, cannot ripen—examples of [illegible] are furnished by the instant cessation of g[illegible] and ripening of fruit upon trees which be[illegible] stripped by leaf blight. In one instan[illegible] dense mass of plums remained half-grow[illegible] flavorless for several weeks, in conseque[illegible] the premature dropping of the foliage—[illegible] cond crop of leaves three weeks afterw[illegible] effected the completion of their growth [illegible] their ripening to honied sweetness. Th[illegible] tor of the Michigan Farmer mentions th[illegible] lowing interesting case, illustrating the [illegible] principle:

"Mr. Moro, of Detroit, has a magni[illegible] grape-vine, spreading itself over one si[illegible] his house, which had been in September, [illegible] ly laden with fruit. After the clusters [illegible] formed, a cow entered the enclosure, a[illegible] leaves entirely, but left the fruit untou[illegible] The consequence was that upon that port[illegible] the vine which was beyond the reach o[illegible] animal, there never were finer clusters, [illegible] upon the portion from which the leaves [illegible] removed, the clusters dwindled away, and [illegible] to nothing, and that, too, up to the ver[illegible] of separation between the mutilated an[illegible] mutilated portions.—*West Agriculturist.*

WOOL-GROWING IN TENNESSEE.—The [illegible] General Assembly of Tennessee presen[illegible] gold medal to Mark R. Cockrill, Esq., as [illegible] timonial of esteem for his devotion thro[illegible] long life devoted to the advancement an[illegible] velopment of the agricultural resources o[illegible] State, especially in wool-growing. In [illegible] ing to the gentleman who presented the [illegible] Mr. C. says:

"At the World's Fair at London, in [illegible] the premium for the golden fleece was aw[illegible] to Tennessee. Germany, Spain, Saxon[illegible] Silicia were there; the competition was [illegible] honorable and fair. Nature gave me th[illegible] vantage in climate, but the noble lord[illegible] wealthy princes of Europe did not kn[illegible] neither did my own countrymen know it [illegible] we met in the Crystal Palace of Londo[illegible] fore a million of spectators. Whilst [illegible] flocks were housed six months in the ye[illegible] shelter them from the snow of a high lat[illegible] and were fed from the granaries and [illegible] yards, mine were roaming over the [illegible] pastures of Tennessee, warmed by th[illegible] nial influence of a southern sun—the [illegible] thus softened and rendered oily b[illegible] warmth and green food, producing a fine [illegible] fibre."

The Olio.

GUNPOWDER.—The Liverpool (Eng[illegible] Standard says: "Some of the effects of [illegible] gunpowder are wonderful. When gunp[illegible] is heaped up in the open air and infla[illegible] there is no report, and but little effect i[illegible] duced. A small quantity open and ignit[illegible] a room, forces the air outwards, so as to [illegible] out the windows; but the same quantity [illegible] fined with a bomb, within the same room [illegible] ignited, tears in pieces and sets on fir[illegible] whole house. Count Rumford loaded a [illegible] with one-twentieth of an ounce of pow[illegible] placed upon it a twenty-four pound can[illegible] he then closed up every opening as comp[illegible] as possible, and fired the charge, which [illegible] the mortar with a tremendous explosio[illegible] lifted up its enormous weight. In anothe[illegible] periment, Count Rumford confined tw[illegible] eight grains of powder in a cylindrical [illegible] which it just filled, and upon being fir[illegible] tore asunder a piece of iron which would [illegible] resisted a strain of four hundred thou[illegible] pounds."

[illegible]